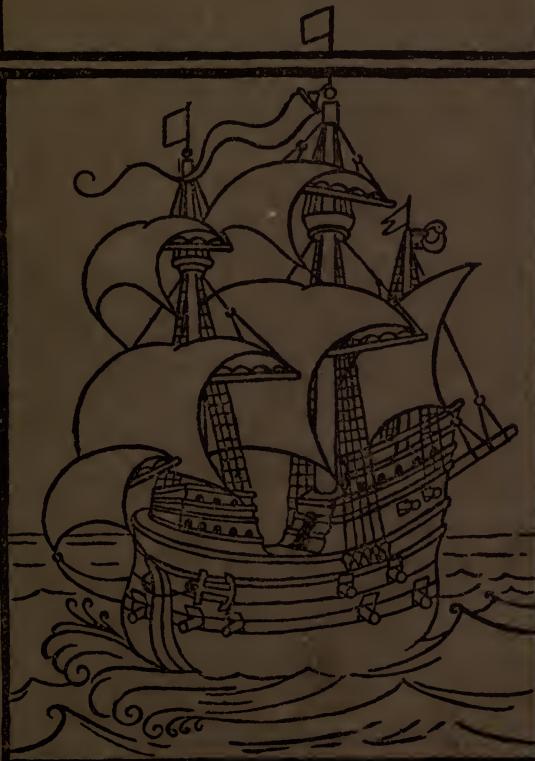


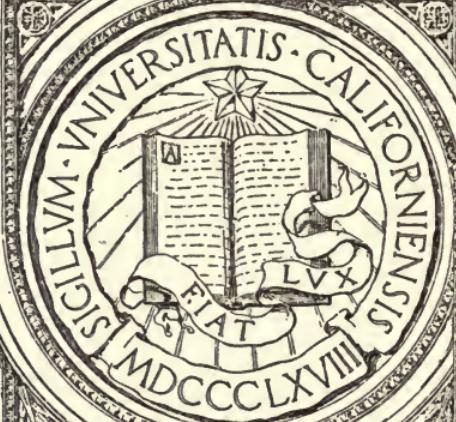
# SONGS OF GOOD FIGHTING



By EUGENE R WHITE

1898

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Eugene R. White,



# Songs of Good Fighting



Songs  
of  
Good Fighting

By  
Eugene R. White



LAMSON, WOLFFE AND COMPANY  
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CALIFORNIA

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435462



To H. P. T.



## DEDICARE

WE are they that seek the Clew, riding  
for the Name,  
Past the wayward winds that blew,  
past the lures of Fame ;  
Men fail and the words of men, shall deeds of  
men fail, too ?  
A rouse for the Endless Errantry, we that seek  
the Clew !

*For the Name thrice-murmured in our  
ears  
Is a spur ye never knew,  
Who listed laggard through the Years,  
Nor sought to gain the Distant View.*

Leave Love and the Lover—'tis ours to discover.  
Though Death be the portion of this our Long  
Quest ;  
So in with the rowel, out with the avowal,  
The Oath of the men who know riding is best.

*Though the Clew, mayhappen, long ago  
Was passed in the Vale of Youth,  
Yet yonder hill, for all ye know,  
May bear a sign of the Utter Truth.*

*Songs of Good Fighting*

Lay the lashing by—never ! we still seek the  
lever  
To pry the Great Secret from God's granite  
lips ;  
By the Oath we essayed it, by the Name we  
ha' prayed it,  
Forsworn in the service of Blood Fellowships.

*Though the marrowed bones of the early  
Band  
Long since have ashed to dust,  
We'll reach at least what they have  
spanned,  
By the zeal of the riding-lust.*

We are they that seek the Clew, riding for the  
Name,  
Past the wayward winds that blew, past the  
lures of Fame ;  
Men fail and the words of men, shall deeds of  
men fail, too ?  
A rouse for the Endless Errantry, we that seek  
the Clew.

—1898

## A SONG OF GOOD FIGHTING

**A**ND it's oh ! for the days when Men were  
Men, and Souls were feoffed to Flesh,  
And the raucous call of a sea-born brawl,  
    with the gray winds running fresh,  
Thronged through the hearts of Saxon men as  
they aimed the Death-stroke true ;  
Drank manhood up from the Battle-cup—the  
wine of the gods' own brew.

O goodly men of other days, who died in a  
well-fought fight,  
Whatever may your lives have been, your  
deaths, at least, were bright !  
And blood, they say, will purge away the smear  
of blot and stain,  
And the Seraph looks at record books washed  
clean by a crimson rain.

If justice meed or Christian creed has pulled  
Heaven's latchkey in,  
There's Woden's hall will hold you all who  
died in the Good Fight's din.  
You are far and away too great to stay with the  
gentle, pious folk  
Who hoarded Life with a niggard soul and  
cringed before the Stroke.

*Songs of Good Fighting*

There may be pits of molten flame for Cozeners  
and Thieves,  
And Burning Spits for Hypocrites, in the  
Gath'ring of the Sheaves ;  
But none for those who fell in fight, and used  
their ebbing breath,  
Not in a useless prayer to God, but a Saxon  
curse for Death.

Weak-watered, in these petty days, it is yet in  
the heart of Man—  
Its roots, deep set, by blood were wet since  
ever the Earth began—  
This love for the sight of goodly fight ; and,  
whether on land or sea,  
The Valiant Kin are lusting yet for the Strong  
Man's empery.

It was there in the day the Cavemen strove  
with hatchets they struck from stone ;  
It rang through the strife of early life with  
crunching of ax-clove bone.  
It was writ on the face of the Teuton race—on  
their muscles and arms and thews ;  
When the Vikings drove through the Northern  
Seas it sang to the spray-dashed crews.

*A Song of Good Fighting*

It was there in the hardy English Isle, it rang  
in the twang of the yew,  
And the arrows whistled a glad refrain from the  
bows which the archers drew ;  
And when Spanish hosts, like baffled ghosts,  
flapped tattered sails to Spain,  
The chorus rose with a mighty swing o'er the  
heaps of the Popish Slain.

Let wan-faced Peace with mild increase bid  
Janus' gates be barred ;  
Wherever the blood flows red in hearts, where  
muscles there be and hard,  
There's an unknown stir for the days that  
were ; and the tale of a fight fought true  
Still makes the Saxon blood to dance to the  
tune their Fathers knew.

And when the summoned lines of Souls up  
through the Ether swim,  
And herd before the Great White Throne and  
reach to the River's rim,  
Then raise your song o'er the Pallid Throng  
that cringe in white dismay—  
March boldly to the sight of Him as though to  
an earthly fray.

*Songs of Good Fighting*

Stand forth on that day, Sturdy Men, who  
knew no gospel of hate,  
E'en as you lived, so stand ye forth, who  
cavilled with none save Fate !  
When the Prayerful Horde have their reward,  
and the Good have gained their Grails,  
Will naught else weigh on that Last Day with  
the One who holds the Scales ?

—1896

## A BUCCANEER CHORUS

**T**HEY say the Devil has fled from Hell  
To sail on the Spanish Main—  
By the yoke of the Spell, the Folk say well  
When they say that the Devil has fled  
from Hell.

From out the Sea-Born Sunset is cast a crimson  
tinge—

*With a Yo, and a Ho, from a Band of Four-  
score Men—*

The Gates of Hell yawn redly upon the  
World's grey hinge,

And we sail to the Postern to see the Devils  
cringe—

*With a Yo, and a Ho, from a Band of Four-  
score Men.*

The Sea moans Dead Men's Dirges, Shapes  
muster Soul on Soul—

*With a Yo, and a Ho, from a Band of Four-  
score Men—*

There creeps a Cloud before us, an ashen aureole,  
The Beast of Doom has littered, and Morgan is  
her foal!—

*With a Yo, and a Ho, from a Band of Four-  
score Men.*

*Songs of Good Fighting*

And Life is but a Tavern, so let us stay and  
Sup—

*With a Yo, and a Ho, from a Band of Four-  
score Men—*

And Death is in the Taproom and Death is in  
the Cup,

And Death's a Merry Gentleman, so drink the  
potion up—

*With a Yo, and a Ho, from a Band of Four-  
score Men.*

For though Life is worth the Living, when Life  
is on the Sea—

*With a Yo, and a Ho, from a Band of Four-  
score Men—*

And it's worth the Devil's forfeit to let the arm  
swing free,

And show the Spanish Dastards what Men the  
Rovers be—

*With a Yo, and a Ho, from a Band of Four-  
score Men.*

Come, Death, you royal Gamester, and have a  
final bout—

*With a Yo, and a Ho, from a Band of Four-  
score Men—*

*A Buccaneer Chorus*

For we are growing weary of the Revel and  
the Rout,  
And while the Dice are rattling, go Snuff the  
Candle out—  
*With a Yo, and a Ho, from a Band of Four-  
score Men.*

*They say the Devil has fled from Hell  
To sail on the Spanish Main—  
By the Thrice-sworn Spell, the Folk say  
well  
When they say that the Devil has fled from  
Hell.*

—1896

## THE LEES OF THE WINE OF WRATH

**T**HEY said that we should see it in the  
Parting of the Ways ;  
They said that we should find it in the  
Rounding of the Days ;  
They said an end's to everything, though paths  
are often hid ;  
They said that we should know it—  
And we did !

Beyond the sea, where the shadows tryst, where  
the void has whelped its monsters grim,  
Where Hate and Spleen stand high and keen  
to gorge on the marrow of splintered limb ;  
There went we mute and masterless, there  
stood we face to face with Him.

'Twas not for us to feel a fear, it was we who  
had hewed a narrow path,  
Through the sundered ken of what were men,  
a chrism of blood for the new-born's bath ;  
We had slain and hewed, and hewed and slain,  
till the Fiends slunk by in baffled wrath.

And God had passed for a hollow jape, and  
as for his coystrels, men,

*The Lees of the Wine of Wrath*

They are panders and punks, ask their headless trunks—we have met them one to ten.  
Bow to the left, bow to the right, down the center and back again !

We left a town where the sun stood slant on the fardled dead in the whetted square—  
The murrey sun on a cruise foredone fluxed the West to a tawny glare,  
And a cozening wind coaxed at our sails, as we set forth to Otherwhere.

Three years have gone since that fell day,  
three years have passed o'er a fated crew ;  
Each year is wet, should we forget, with goodly blood, with venom'd rue ;  
Each year the Fiend foreflocks his souls, his richest tithe and revenue.

Hard-hunted by the Spawn of Death, each to his end stood strait and fair,  
Not I, nor you, but the Devil knew, the end of them foregathered there,  
Elbowed by the ghosts of them, the fardled dead in the whetted square !

Some were slain by their fellows' knives, for a wench's leer in Jamaica's stews ;

*Songs of Good Fighting*

Some swung in chains where the sponging  
rains flushed their flesh which the crows  
refuse ;

Some were found in their sodden beds, their  
eyes agape with Hell-hearth news.

What hate-born bolt of this Thy wrath, awaits  
for me, the laggard one ?

What baleful end shall Thou then send, to  
him forespent, for his race is done,  
Whose heart by hetcheling teeth of Fate,  
already teased and torn and spun ?

Come as it may, not yet I pray churlish-  
kneed to thwart the stroke,

Not fearful-eyed will he abide, the lone last  
man of the Sturdy Folk—

Yet what was that which crept by then ?—  
Ha' mercy Lord ! was it Thou who spoke ?

*They said that we should see it in the Parting of  
the Ways ;*

*They said that we should find it in the Rounding  
of the Days ;*

*They said an end's to everything—to band, to  
troop, to crew ;*

*They said that we should know it—  
And we do !*

—1898

## THE SONG OF THE MEN OF TEACH

1718

THE Townfolk talk of living—but we have  
sailed the sea ;  
And out upon the Niderings who strut  
in lace and state—  
It's a sorry life I wot ye, in the town where  
wenches got ye ;  
On the sea the storms allot ye  
The bludgeonings of fate.

*And oh ! the glory of it, a wrathful God  
above it*  
*May trumpet doleful thunders at the crime  
of being free ;*  
*A curse for churl and craven, a rot for home  
and haven,*  
*For we have got dominion on the Great  
Grey Sea.*

The Poets sing of Loving—but we have sailed  
the sea,  
And no low-louting jobernoll can sing us  
what is best.  
Here's one to hurr and hale you, here's one  
that will avail you,  
And which will never fail you  
Foregathered at her breast.

*Songs of Good Fighting*

*Your wench may count her dozen—but  
here's a dame to cozen  
No weak and puling little minx, no  
simperer is she.  
Out with your powdered faces, here's one  
for Man's embraces,  
The mightiest of mistresses, the Great  
Grey Sea !*

The Preachers prate of Godcraft—but we have  
sailed the sea ;  
A rot upon such canters—here's the good  
sea running wide.  
'Fore God's wrath let them falter, and drone  
their mournful psalter,  
Though we may greet the halter,  
We lived before we died.

*So let our hearts beat faster, there's none  
that we call Master ;  
No cringe or crawl in humble wise, nor  
bow on bended knee ;  
Salute no God nor Demon—but knotty-  
hearted seamen,  
We burn our red path Deathwards on the  
Great Grey Sea.*

*The Song of the Men of Teach.*

This is the End of Living—to sail upon the sea,  
With head and breast uncovered to catch the stinging spray.  
A thirst, in blood we'll slake it ;<sup>1</sup> a galleon,  
we'll take it ; a colony, we'll break it—  
And then to sail away.

*So sail we on together, no tie our hearts can tether,  
And knave or coystrel, gentleman, whatever we may be,  
We've slain the Spanish bastard, we've fought and cut and mastered,  
The world may be our headstone in the Great Grey Sea.*

## OF THE LOST SHIP

WHAT has become of the good ship  
Kite ?

Where is her hull of chosen oak ?  
Who were the Victors, what the Fight ?  
The Old Wives—whom did they invoke,  
That should tell them so uncannily :

*“Fell through a crack in the Floor of the Sea ?”*

“ Trafficked with death in a cruise foredone,”  
The Preachers drone to the Salem Folk,  
When the Sea has swallowed up the Sun  
And the white gulls glint—was it they who  
spoke ?  
Wes’-Sou’-West from the Devil’s Quay :  
*“Fell through a crack in the Floor of the Sea ?”*

Of the old-time Band there’s not a man  
Who has ever told how the ship went down.  
Were they marked by God with the fearsome  
ban ?  
Butchered they priests in a sun-white town ?  
Do they harry Hell where they may be :  
*“Fell through a crack in the Floor of the Sea ?”*

*Of the Lost Ship*

Though ye searched the West to the guttering  
sun

Or the East till the baffled lights burn black,  
Or North to the bergs till the South be won  
The changeling shadows answer back,  
And their trembling lips pale piteously:

*“Fell through a crack in the Floor of the Sea ?”*

And when the great grim Finger becks  
The whining Seas from their ancient bed,  
Shall some tongue speak from the world-old  
wrecks

To read the log of the Thwarted Dead ?  
Is there never an end on the mystery :

*“Fell through a crack in the Floor of the Sea ?”*

—1897

## A SONG FOR THE LULL IN THE FIGHT.

**T**HE liquor brewed in the vats of Spring  
Has aged with the ageing year  
(Here's to the strength its age shall  
bring)  
Up ! For the draught is here !

So here's to the Name, it's ever the same,  
And out on the cantrip the laggards call  
Fame ;  
Some end is beholden, all glamour and  
golden, let the Old Oath embolden—  
Here's to the Name !

And here's to the Way, God grant a Long Day  
Till we clear the fair earth of such dastards as  
they ;  
For the end's Armageddon, which the others  
ha' bled on, by the Name still we're  
led on—  
Here's to the Way !

And here's to the Pace, dismay not a trace,  
Outriding the Fiend in the Devil's own race ;  
Though hot be the spurring—on ! fresh,  
undemurring, the Romp is but stirring—  
Here's to the Pace !

*A Song for the Lull in the Fight*

*The blue has ashed in the turquoise sky,  
And dimmed to a hadden-grey ;  
But the Stars review, while I and you  
But wait for another day.*

And here's to the Hearts, the longing still  
smarts  
For an open-aired swing at their Baal-gotten  
arts ;  
But the cravens are hidden—out, knaves !  
when you're bidden that the Path shall be  
ridden—  
Here's to the Hearts !

And here's the Reward—it's to each at the  
ford,  
Where Life takes from Death the old two-  
handed sword—  
And the belt we are tightening, the standards  
we're righting—the Reward is the Fight-  
ing !—  
Here's the Reward !

*But it's time to pause when the struggle's  
done,  
And not when a day is born,  
And the dead leaves lisp, and the ground  
treads crisp,  
And there is the new-washed morn.*

*Songs of Good Fighting*

*For the Hope that Stirs in the Heart of  
Things  
Casts her Glove in the teeth of Doubt.  
Here's to the Strength that the Old Oath  
brings,  
So on ! And we'll fight it out.*

—1898

## THE SONG OF MORGAN'S MEN

(1670)

**S**AILING to Hell, the sea and her spell,  
Croon to the timbers a dolorous knell—  
An issue with Doom. Grant the knave  
room,  
We'll tear out his heart in the shadowless  
gloom.

*Sailing to Hell, Panama fell,  
And Spaniards to God their scurvy tales  
tell !*

Let God lash the sea, the ship staggers free,  
Does He think then to frighten such callants  
as we ?

Pass rum for a round—what masterless hound  
Refuses to drink when the sacrament's  
downed ?

*Sailing to Hell, Panama fell,  
And Spaniards to God their scurvy tales  
tell !*

*Songs of Good Fighting*

And here's to the Pit, a rouse that is fit,  
Fingers on Fate's throat till the braggart  
cries quit—

Hell bratted the pup ! Roysterers, up !  
And drain in your drinking each drop in the  
cup !

*Sailing to Hell, Panama fell,  
And Spaniards to God their scurvy tales  
tell.*

—1896

## A SONG OF THREE SEASONS

**W**HEN the smell from off the Sea is the best of things that be,  
And the nackered Night lies ready for a kiss ;  
When the Rose's crimson choir chants the treble of desire  
To the distance-sifted violings of bliss ;  
When Delight is a flashing pageantry :  
This is the Time of Life to Be.

*For this is the Time to Be, my lads ;  
Here's a cup to the Time to Be.  
And here's to a rout with a hoyden star,  
For the heart is moored to a moonbeam bar—  
Toss it off—to the Time to Be !*

When the Fates from out their path turn the phials of their wrath,  
And the Sturdy get a buffet from behind ;  
When we know that gins are laid, and in silent ambuscade  
They are marshalling—the Demons and their kind ;  
When the stars seem strange that once we knew :  
This is the Time of Life to Do.

*Songs of Good Fighting*

*Yes ! this is the Time to Do, Strong Hearts,  
In silence—the Time to Do.  
Here's the teeth set firm and the long sword  
bared,  
With never a thought how the Others fared—  
Glass up now—the Time to Do !*

When we huddle to the fire and watch them  
piling higher  
The last feeble sand-lees in the glass ;  
When the rabble crowds without, with a jostle  
and a shout,  
Are singing of Life's largesse as they pass ;  
When the Wind has blurred the trail through  
the snow :  
This is the Time of Life to Know.

*Ah, this is the Time to Know, Old Friend,  
Will ye pledge it—the Time to Know ?  
For the shrouded minutes are ticking short,  
And a lone dog howls in the Inner Court—  
Here's a last one—the Time to Know !*

## THE SONG OF SAWKINS' MEN.

(1680)

**A**N eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth,  
Valiant or Suckling we give them no ruth.  
Quarter—we know not the meaning, for-  
sooth !

An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

Throw the dead Dons upon the white Dunes,  
Scuttle the galleons, seize the doubloons ;  
We know the low lilt the Summer Sea croons :  
    Throw the dead Dons upon the white  
    Dunes.

With cutlass for sceptre the Sea is our State  
And Death is our portion, come soon or come  
    late ;  
So meet it half-way then, leave Cowards to wait—  
    With cutlass for sceptre the Sea is our State.

That Saxon and Briton may ravish the Main,  
And purge from the waters the pennon of Spain,  
We've Death for our Mistress and Fate for our  
    Thane,  
That Saxon and Briton may ravish the Main.

*Songs of Good Fighting*

Yon's a town on the Mainland where Jesuits  
hoard,  
Where trophies of temples by Spaniards are  
stored,  
We'll have it this fortnight despite the Good  
Lord—  
Yon's a town on the Mainland where  
Jesuits hoard.

Give a rouse to the Morrow when first we attack,  
With a Ho ! from the Hearts for the joy of the  
Sack ;  
Then from each and from all of this Worshipful  
Pack  
Give a rouse to the Morrow when first we  
attack.

—1895

## A SONG OF THE FREEBOOTERS

**A**ND how did the Dead Man live his life,  
Mistress Sea?"

"The Dead Man's life with blood was  
red, as the curtains o'er Death's  
bridal bed,  
And the hands of the Slain have cursed his  
head  
From out of me."

Then here's to the Bight where the Sea-  
wolves be,

Here's to the Salt Sea's liturgy :

Yo ! for the song that the Dead Man sang,  
Ho ! for the gibbet that feels him hang !

And he bows to the moon while the shadows  
flee ;

Here's to the Salt Sea's liturgy !

Some for the Pennon of the Good Queen  
Bess,

Ours is a service—masterless.

Tho' Death is the Port on the Devil's cruise,  
And the timbers strain in the Good Ship's  
thews,

Life is as free as a hawk from the jess,

Ours is a service—masterless.

*Songs of Good Fighting*

One is gone—but the rest are ten,  
Up with the glasses, Gentlemen !

Up ! with a rouse to the Dead Man—he  
Still with the Band keeps company.  
To one more brawl on the Sea, and then—  
But up with the glasses, Gentlemen !

*“ And what shall light the Dead Man’s Feast,  
Mistress Sea ? ”*

*“ The Table’s spread when Death is done,  
this is the light that shines thereon :  
The Eyes out-plucked from the Slaughtered  
One  
For such as he ! ”*

1896

## A BUCCANEER TOAST

**T**O the Fiend of the Seven Seas,  
To the Print of the Dead Man's Thumb,  
To a Curse at Death with a dying breath,  
Here's Death in a Draught of Rum !

*Here's to Hell, toss it off in a quaff, lads,  
Drink the health of the Devil and laugh,  
lads,  
Pledge the tale of the Wheat and the  
Chaff, lads,  
Here's to Hell !*

To the Dead in the Dismal Sea,  
To the Bleaching Bones on the Beach,  
To a hate-born stroke of the Valiant Folk,  
And the Tunes that the Sea can teach !

*Here's the Sea, for her grey clutch has  
got ye,  
May her salt kisses poison and rot ye,  
By the Soul of the Beast who begot ye,  
Here's the Sea !*

To a slash at the heart of a Don,  
To the Port that never may be,  
Drink deep to the Ghosts of the Spanish Hosts,  
Who loom in the Mists of the Sea !

*Songs of Good Fighting*

*Here's to Hell, toss it off in a quaff, lads,  
Drink the health of the Devil and laugh,  
    lads,  
Pledge the tale of the Wheat and the  
Chaff, lads,  
    Here's to Hell !*

—1895

## OF THE GREAT LAKES AND THE SEA

*AS SAID THE SEA:—*

**N**OW, list to me, said the Cresting Sea,  
ye wastrel spawn of land,  
Ere that ye claim, so confident, kin to  
the Master's band ;  
For I am grey as Time is grey, for I am the  
Twin of Time.  
I have seen the haze of the Elder Days, I have  
looked on the ancient rime,  
I have battled with man, I have battled with  
cliff, I have battled with ships and dune,  
At the Altar of Fate I pledge my hate that  
none may be immune.  
Though I be grey with baffled deeds, yet red  
is the race I ran,  
No rest I take my thirst to slake till the Earth  
be purged of man.  
From this, my end, no force can bend, no  
power my lust can curb,  
To wrack the timbered ships of man, pitiless,  
acerb.

*Songs of Good Fighting*

I have glutted and gorg'd on the meat of them  
    that take to the Sea in ships,  
And many there be who yet through me shall  
    kiss the grey-white lips.  
And I shall own no shackle nor clamp, nor feel  
    no yoke nor goad—  
Highway to Hell, where the buoys knell, I am  
    the chosen road.  
Born of a birth with Time was I and we yet  
    feel our youth,  
Nor age shall teach each unto each, the lilt of  
    the Song of Ruth ;  
For wide is the swale and strong and hale, and  
    the sea-folk know their kin,  
And I am the gate to God's Estate and look  
    that they enter in.  
This is the plan since we began, Time and I, to  
    teach,  
And show to man his farther span, the length  
    of his manhood's reach ;  
So I cozen some to the well-earned death, but  
    some I show at a stroke,  
For all shall need some teaching ere they fare  
    to the Thrice-tried Folk.

*Of the Great Lakes and the Sea*

The Long Dead Stars have whispered me the  
secrets of the Pit,  
And this I know that there they go, the thief,  
the hypocrite,  
And them that lurk by woman's smile and idle  
out their days,  
And them that drown in the sluggish town nor  
know the Master's ways.  
But the Utter Garth shall be their hearth, who  
have learned the things I show—  
That with breast to wave they yet may save  
their manhood ere they go.  
And I have married with the Morn that men  
may come of it,  
And I have married with the Night that death  
be fair and fit.  
So if ye claim for kin of mine, speak quick ! my  
tale is spun,  
I have marked some men for the Hall to-night  
and the dark has just begun.

*AND THE LAKES SPAKE :—*

WE HAVE done thy deeds in little, we  
have writ thy tale in small,  
Yet are we of one Mother, yet are  
we of a blood ;

*Songs of Good Fighting*

Close-irked by scarp and headland, held hard,  
the great cliff's thrall,  
Yet has our song been as thy song, oh Lord  
of the Wider Flood.

Erie her low-lilting surge sings to sedge  
and shore,  
Superior is murm'rous with the bass of  
mighty things,  
All the winds from Michigan croon it o'er  
and o'er,  
Ontario and Huron are lush with whis-  
perings.

Riant through a continent, blustrous at  
our will,  
Syllablibling a summer song, chaunting  
runes of wrath,  
Lissom with limpidity, purling Peace Be  
Still,  
Writhen sore with ravening, Death is  
in our path.

We have thy pride in little, we have gorged  
our maw in small,  
Master of Man, or Servant, as freaks our way-  
ward whim,  
Each to his meed fulfilling the Summons and  
the Call,

*Of the Great Lakes and the Sea*

For we, as Thou, oh Larger Sea, bow to the  
will of Him.

Erie wattled with the sun, guards her  
garnered dead,  
Superior wards her secrets well in her  
unfathomed breast,  
A winding sheet is Michigan over many  
spread,  
Ontario and Huron are vaward in the  
quest.

And when forespent with Time, his race,  
it yet may come to be,  
'Twas thine the wider scope and pace,  
that He has choiced the Sea,  
His palimpsest where He loves best to  
screen His power and will—  
Yet may you see, in smaller script, our  
story written still.

*BUT THE ELDERS OF ALL TIME  
SHALL SAY:—*

**F**EOFFS of the Mighty Hand  
Here, beyond, above !  
In the Great Design, no not one line  
Can ye ken the meaning of.

*Songs of Good Fighting*

Braggarts ye are, with Time,  
Prating of what may be,  
While the Stars stand nigh to give the lie  
Thy sparse cosmogony.

Sib are the Lakes and Sea,  
Sib are the Sky and Beach,  
The Land is kin and each has been  
A brother unto each.

The dust of the world is One  
One is the Sea and Sod,  
The Night is one with the Urgent Sun  
In villeinage to God.

Peace to the Lashing Lakes,  
And peace to the Braggart Sea,  
For each repeat the Paraclete  
His rede, unwittingly.

What ye have done in deeds ?  
What ye have done to men ?  
Ye may not know, the plan reads slow—  
Ye know not how nor when.

An embassage alike,  
The Lakes, the Sky, the Sea,  
As on they fare to Him they bear  
An equal ministry.

*Of the Great Lakes and the Sea*

Master of All that are !  
Master of All which were !  
Thy churls forget, while we do yet  
Awa'it the Vintager !

1898

ENVOY.

*I* F one could hear aright the murmurings  
Of some shore-stranded sea-shell as it  
                  sings,  
It might be then that he would come to  
                  know  
An inkling of the Planner's purposings.

*The weary shuttle can no more divine  
Of how its thread looks in the whole design,  
                  Than we poor shuttles in the hand of Fate  
Can fathom of the plan a single line.*

1896



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